HARLEY QUINN

59

13+ TEEN

TEN-CAR PILEUP of *Love!*

KALAN
OLIVARES
LOUISE

ALL IN

THE JOKER IS BACK...
AND WHAT'S BECOME OF HIM WILL SHOCK EVEN THE CAPED CRUSADER!

BATMAN #7

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Featuring an unbelievable **gatefold sequence** taking you inside the mind of pop culture's most dangerous villain

WRITTEN BY
MATT FRACTION
ART AND COVER BY
JORGE JIMÉNEZ

ALL IN

A NEW STORY ARC BEGINS IN MARCH

To the journal of ***Althea Klang***--How is it that a dream fulfilled can so quickly become a nightmare? What do you do when the night you've fantasized about comes crashing down around you?

This was supposed to be the date when I won Harley Quinn's heart. The moment I made her mine.

GO, ALTHEA! NOW! GET OUT!

THIS DATE IS OVER!

But everything went wrong, dear Journal! I thought I was in control. But really, I was just a...

FOOL FOR LOVE

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HARLEY QUINN CREATED BY PAUL DINI & BRUCE TIMM

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The night had begun full of promise. My work was exacting. Constructing personal beauty is no different than constructing a beautiful building.

One must be uncompromising. Possessed of a vision which will make the bland-minded shudder, but which you know in your gut is *right*.

When Robert Moses built Jones Beach, he understood that every detail, no matter how small, contributed to the ultimate impression.

As with large-scale land development, so with seduction.

Love truly is a battlefield.

Spontaneous emotional revelation must be supported by intense preparation.

It was difficult not to drift into speculative reverie over the outcome of our love war.

Would I emerge victorious?

Would she?

Or would the result be something altogether more curious... and thrilling?

SEE YA, MRS. GRIMALDI! I'M OFF TO PICK UP KLANG-A-LANG FOR OUR DATE!

DON'T WAIT UP ON THE OFF CHANCE WE COME BACK HERE AND YOU OVERHEAR SOMETHIN' YOU REALLY DON'T WANNA OVERHEAR!

UNLESS MAYBE YOU *DO* WANNA OVERHEAR IT? NO JUDGMENT, MRS. G!

I FIND IT BEAUTIFUL, A WOMAN YOUR AGE STAYIN' PROUD AND VITAL IN HER PERVERSIONS!

LET YOUR FREAK FLAG FLY! IF I CAN HELP LET OUT THE DIRTY OLD LADY INSIDE YOU, I'D CONSIDER IT A PUBLIC SERVICE! MORE THAN THAT-- A *MITZVAH!*

JUST GO ALREADY!

OKAY, I'M GOIN'!

OH! YOU'RE ALREADY HERE.

THAT'S RIGHT. I'M PICKING *YOU* UP.

Mark one point for me, Journal, in the game of romantic dominance.

ENTER, HARLEEN QUINZEL, FOR I HAVE LAID THE FOUNDATIONS AND RAISED THE GIRDERS OF A PERFECT EVENING.

OH, REALLY? WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE DRIVER IF I'M OVERCOME WITH LUST FROM ALL THESE CONSTRUCTION METAPHORS?

DON'T WORRY, HARLEY. ***AMYGDALA*** WILL CLOSE HIS EYES.

WHILE DRIVIN'? I APPROVE OF THE DEDICATION TO DUTY.

Everything was proceeding according to my blueprints. But every project holds the potential of hidden rot.

HARLEY♪ ♫AND ALTHEA, SITTING IN A TREE, K-I-S-S-I-N-G.♫

LEAVING THROATCUTTER HILL VULNERABLE, TREMBLING, AND EXPOSED TO MY FELONIOUS MINISTRATIONS!

I, **COLONEL BLIMP!** SITTING IN A BLIMP! T-H-I-E-V-I-N-G! ♫

FROM A *BLIMP!*

"SYNESTHESIA? I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE. YOU KNOW I ALMOST ***DIED*** IN THIS PLACE."

PLEASE! YOU LIVE A FOOLISHLY DANGEROUS LIFE. WHERE ***HAVEN'T*** YOU ALMOST DIED?

TUSHIE.

YOU MEAN "TOUCHÉ."

I KNOW WHAT I SAID.

AND EVEN IF THIS ***WASN'T*** THE SITE OF ME BEIN' NEARLY SUFFOCATED BY A MULTI-CLAYFACE DEATH-LUMP, IT STANDS FOR EVERYTHING I DON'T LIKE.

SOPHISTICA-TION? ELEGANCE? BEAUTY?

BEAUTY MY PATOOTIE! YOU KNOW THIS PLACE USED TO BE--

A ***MORTUARY.*** I KNOW.

THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE WAS FOR MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Uh... HOW'S THAT?

Ah, the look that only comes from realizing I know more about her than she knows about me. I could have kissed her then.

CONSIDERING HOW MUCH YOU HATE-SLASH-WANT ME, YOU HAVEN'T SHOWN MUCH CURIOSITY ABOUT MY LIFE.

YEAH, BUT IN MY DEFENSE, I'M ***EXTREMELY*** SELF-ABSORBED.

I WAS BORN ON THROATCUTTER HILL. JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY AT ***ST. MASSACRE GENERAL HOSPITAL.*** MY FIRST SEVENTEEN YEARS WERE DEVOTED TO ESCAPING THIS PLACE.

THE NEXT SIXTEEN WERE SPENT TRYING TO HIDE THE FACT THAT I'D EVER BEEN HERE.

WHEN YOU LIVED HERE AS A GRAD STUDENT, I'D ALREADY BEEN AND GONE.

SO ALL THIS TIME, I'VE BEEN GOIN' ON AN' ON ABOUT THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD...

BUT I ***AM*** THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. SO I KNOW THAT ***NOWEGOSOE*** IS AN IMPROVEMENT OVER ***THROATCUTTER HILL*** IN EVERY WAY.

LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE! AN ORGANIC GOURMET DINNER INSTEAD OF A SLOP OF CARBS-AND-FAT-SATURATED MACARONI AND GRAVY.

AN EDUCATED, CULTURED CLIENTELE, RATHER THAN A GAGGLE OF COUSINS HOLLERING OVER THE BLARE OF A TELEVISED BASEBALL GAME.

A PLACE WHERE I CAN BE ***ME,*** AND NO ONE HAS A PROBLEM WITH IT!

THIS IS THE HOME I DREAMED OF! AND I'LL NEVER LET YOU TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!

BAM!

HEY.

I GET IT, BABE. CHANGIN' THE NOW 'CAUSE YOU WISH YOU COULD CHANGE THE THEN?

YOU'RE TALKIN' MY STORY.

My head was spinning, Journal. What was Harley's game? Empathy weaponized as a power move? Or genuine pity?

I didn't know which would be worse. I didn't know if I cared.

Because feeling her hand on mine in that moment...I could see the victory in defeat.

But oh, Journal *(choke)*, it was too beautiful to last!

SMASSSH!

ATTENTION, PATRONS OF THIS PRETENTIOUS PROPERTY! YOUR VALUABLES NOW BELONG TO COLONEL BLIMP!

I WILL NOW CIRCULATE AMONG YOU AND THREATEN YOU WITH VIOLENT HARM TO THE POINT OF DEATH. THE ONLY PROPER RESPONSE IS TO RELINQUISH ALL--

HEY!

Oh no.

WE WERE KIND OF HAVIN' A MOMENT HERE, ZEP-HEAD!

I APOLOGIZE PROFUSELY. OBVIOUSLY THE FATES HAVE YET TO TIRE OF PLAYING ME THE JACKASS.

I HAD NO IDEA YOU'D BE HERE, AND I'D CERTAINLY NEVER ***DREAM*** OF ROBBING ANYWHERE THAT YOU--

SURE, SURE, SHUT UP. JUST GET OFF THE TABLE, YA BALLOONATIC. ROB THE PLACE BLIND, I DON'T CARE.

WHAT?!

YOU'RE GOING TO SIT THERE AND LET THIS BIZARRE PERSON ROB US?

WELL, NOT ***US***, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA NEED TO PAY THE BILL AT THE END OF THIS, AND I PROMISED MYSELF NOT TO BE A CHEAP DATE.

BUT EVERYONE EXCEPT US? SURE. WHY NOT?

I AIN'T NO SUPERHERO. I DON'T ENFORCE PROPERTY LAWS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY SUPERMAN DOES IT, ALL GODLIKE AND WHATEVER. YOU'D THINK HE'D BE OVER PHYSICAL POSSES-SIONS.

THIS ISN'T A TRICK, IS IT? IF I TURN AWAY ARE YOU GOING TO KICK ME IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD?

BUDDY, I'M TOO BUSY TRYIN' TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN RECTIFY THIS "EMPTY GLASS" SITUATION I'M CONFRONTED WITH.

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO THAT!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE NOW RETURN TO THE ROBBERY ALREADY IN PROGRESS!

NOW IF I WASN'T MISREADIN' THE SIGNALS, I BELIEVE WE WERE HEADIN' TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS IN THE LEAST SOUNDPROOFED STALL OF THE LADIES' ROOM...

CONSIDER THAT SIGNAL RETRACTED.

OKAY, IS THIS ABOUT THE "LETTIN' A MINOR-LEAGUE CROOK RUN RAMPANT" THING?

JUST HAND OVER THE WALLET SO I WON'T BE FORCED TO SHOOT YOU...

YOU SAID YOU UNDERSTOOD, BUT OBVIOUSLY YOU DON'T. I ***NEED*** TO IMPROVE THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. AND YOU REFUSE TO SUPPORT ME IN THAT!

IF THERE'S TO BE ANY FUTURE FOR US--

KINDLY TAKE OFF YOUR SHOE SO I CAN SEE IF YOU HAVE ANY MONEY HIDDEN INSIDE.

WHOA, WHOA! LET'S HIT THOSE BRAKES, LADY!

IN FACT, THOSE ARE BEAUTIFUL SHOES, I'LL TAKE THOSE AS WELL.

I BEEN HAVIN' A FUN TIME PLAYIN' CAT AND MOUSE IN YOUR WEB OF SEDUCTION, OR WHATEVER SEXY ANIMAL METAPHOR YOU WANNA USE.

BUT ***REMEMBER,*** I ALREADY GOT A GIRLFRIEND. SHE LIVES IN A SWAMP AN' SHE'S COVERED IN MOSS, WHICH DOESN'T SOUND HOT, BUT TRUST ME IT TOTALLY IS.

YOU AND I MIGHT MAKE GREAT ENEMIES-WITH-BENEFITS, BUT SHE'S WHERE MY HEART LIVES. I THOUGHT WE BOTH UNDERSTOOD YOU AND I ARE JUST ROMANTIC PIED-À-TERRES.

It felt like a stab in the heart, dear Journal. She'd taken my deepest desires and hurled them to the floor.

And what really hurt?

She'd done it with a real estate analogy.

BUT I... I...

I'd lost control-- or never had it! *I'd* been the one who didn't understand what was going on.

I silently prayed to St. Mies van der Rohe to send *something* to break this awful tension.

And unfortunately, my prayers were answered.

YOUR FLIGHT OF CRIME HAS COME TO A PREMATURE LANDING, COLONEL BLIMP!

OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT THROATCUTTER HILL IS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF CHICKEN FINGERS?!

FORGOTTEN? I DON'T THINK I *EVER* EVEN KNEW THAT.

WHO ARE YOU, EXACTLY?

I AM YOUR NEW ARCHNEMESIS! FOR CHICKENS *ALSO* FLY!

WHAT?! NO THEY DON'T!

BLAM!

ANY CHANCE I CAN GET ANOTHER ZUCCHINI-TINI BEFORE THE FIGHT REALLY STARTS?

I couldn't take much more of this. The room felt hot, cramped, and--thanks to the madman taking justice into his filthy hands--pungent.

It seemed the only move left to me was an ignoble retreat.

WHACK!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO POINT IN CONTINUING THIS CHARADE. I'M LEAVING.

TOMORROW MORNING, WE SHALL ONCE AGAIN BE ENEMIES WHO SHARE NO FEELING OTHER THAN DEATHLY SPITE.

Ugh, NOW MY KNUCKLES ARE FILTHY!

Phew! TO BE TOTALLY HONEST, THIS WHOLE "WILL THEY/WON'T THEY" SITCH WAS GIVIN' ME AN ULCER.

IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO GO BACK TO BEIN' GOOD GUY-BAD GUY. I MEAN, I'M NOT EXACTLY A ***GOOD*** GUY, BUT YOU'LL KEEP BEIN' THE BAD GUY.

STOP THAT!

I'LL KEEP BEING THE ***BAD GUY?***

SMASH!

HAHAHA HAHAHA!

HA HA HA HA HA HA!
I'M THE BAD GUY!
I KNOW I GET MAD WHEN PEOPLE DON'T LAUGH AT THE FUNNY STUFF I SAY, BUT I GET EVEN MADDER WHEN PEOPLE *DO* LAUGH AT THE ***NOT*** FUNNY STUFF I SAY!
SO WHAT'S SO FUNNY?!
HA HA... OH, MY IVORY BUFFOON...
I'M THE GOOD GUY. ***YOU'RE*** THE BAD GUY.
Nuh-uh, ***YOU'RE*** THE BAD GUY!
YOU'RE THE BAD GUY.
YOU'RE A MEAN LAND DEVELOPER!
YOU'RE A PROPERTY-DESTROYING, VIOLENCE-PRONE COSTUMED MANIAC WHO TALKS TO HERSELF.
YOU WERE ACTIN' ALL BLACK WIDOW SEDUCTRESS ON ME!
WHO SHOWED UP IN WHOSE BED, HONEY?
HOLY BAMFORD! I GUESS I ***AM*** THE BAD GUY!
HA HA HA HA HA HA

SO ALL THIS TIME, YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE THE GOOD GUY AND I WAS SOME SUPER-VILLAIN TRYIN' TO WREAK HAVOC.

CAN YOU BLAME ME? THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT, FROM **MY** POINTA' VIEW, I HAD A REALLY GOOD REASON.

I "GOTTA ADMIT" NO SUCH THING!

I NEVER BEEN A BLACK WIDOW SEDUCTRESS BEFORE. TEMPTIN' AND CORRUPTIN' SOME UPSTANDIN' CITIZEN WITH MY FEMININE WILES...

BUT WHO'S TO SAY THAT THE LOVE OF A GOOD, JOB-CREATING WOMAN WON'T SAVE YOU FROM THE BAD GIRL WHO'S SET YOU ON THIS PATH TO WICKEDNESS...

BLAM!

AGGH!

CHICKEN FINGERS!

THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO SOIL MY EXACTINGLY SOURCED VINTAGE AVIATION-WEAR WITH YOUR FILTHY CLAWS.

FOR I AM COLONEL BLIMP, THE CRIMINAL CONDOR OF THE CLOUDS! THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS MINE!

AND NONE SHALL DARE RAISE A HAND AGAINST ME!

BA-BAM!

GET CHICKEN FINGERS TO THE HOSPITAL, KLANG! I GOT A FACE TO PULP!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? ARE YOU SUDDENLY A GOOD GUY?

THIS AIN'T ME BEIN' A GOOD GUY OR A BAD GUY. THIS IS ME BEIN' A *FRIEND!*

GO, ALTHEA! NOW! GET OUT!

THIS DATE IS OVER!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A DATE WITH HARLEY QUINN WOULD END WITH BLOOD ON MY DRESS...

YOU SHOT THE WRONG VAGRANT, BLIMP! NOT THAT I THINK YOU SHOULD SHOOT **ANY** VAGRANT!

AND THE WORST PART IS, I'M STILL HUNGRY.

WHAT'S GOING ON, BOSS? YOU DATING THIS GUY NOW?

NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS, JUST TAKE US TO THE HOSPITAL!

AND NO, *ew.*

SUFFICE TO SAY, THIS WAS NOT MY PLAN. THIS BACK SEAT WAS TO BE WHERE I FINALLY HELD HARLEY IN MY ARMS.

NOT YOU.

SHE AND I ARE NOTHING ALIKE. I NEED ORDER. CONTROL. AND SHE BRINGS CHAOS WITH HER WHEREVER SHE GOES.

WHY DID I EVER WANT HER? WHY DO I WANT HER STILL?

OPPOSITES ATTRACT...

ALSO SAMES...

HURRY, AMYGDALA! LET'S MAKE THE SACRIFICE OF MY ALL-LEATHER INTERIOR *MEAN* SOMETHING!

THIS MAN HAS BEEN SHOT! HE NEEDS *IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!*

BAM!

TAKE A SEAT AND FILL OUT THESE FORMS. ANSWER *HONESTLY* WHEN IT ASKS IF YOU DID IT.

WE HAVE NO TIME FOR FORM-FILLING! THIS MAN IS ON THE BRINK OF **DEATH!**

YEAH, WE GET A LOT OF THAT. PLEASE TAKE A SEAT.

LISTEN, YOU CALLOUS DOLT. THIS APATHETIC LETHARGY MAY HAVE BEEN ACCEPTABLE IN THROAT-CUTTER HILL. BUT YOU DON'T LIVE IN THROATCUTTER HILL ANYMORE. YOU LIVE IN ***NOWEGOSOE.***

IN NOWEGOSOE, WE HOLD OURSELVES TO A ***HIGHER*** STANDARD!

IN NOWEGOSOE, WE DON'T LEAVE OUR NEIGHBORS TO ***BLEED*** TO ***DEATH!***

AND ANY NURSE WHO ***DOES*** WILL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER OPEN SEWER IN WHICH TO PLY HER COMPLACENT INDOLENCE, BECAUSE SHE WILL FIND HERSELF ***VIOLENTLY*** UNWELCOME HERE!

DR. KOLPON, WE'VE GOT A PATIENT HERE WHO NEEDS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

YOU WANT TO KNOW IF THE PATIENT HAS INSURANCE?

HE HAS SOMETHING BETTER THAN INSURANCE. HE HAS ***ME.***

And that, dear Journal, is how my night of romance ended.

Humiliated. Disillusioned. The emergency medical contact for a delusional vagabond.

Or so I thought.

HEY! COME BACK HERE! I'M NOT DONE BEATING THE CRAP OUTTA YOU!

SINCE WHEN CAN BLIMPS MAKE HAIRPIN TURNS?! NOW I WANT ONE!

GIMME YOUR BLIMP AND LET ME BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF YOU!

SMASSH!

YOU BIG JERK!

OW. HEY, KLANG-Y.

HELLO, HARLEY. SEEMS AWFULLY COINCIDENTAL FOR YOU TO SMASH THROUGH *THAT* EXACT WINDOW.

EH, AFTER EVERYTHING LIFE'S DONE TO ME, I EARNED A FAVOR OR TWO.

POOR CHICKY. I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR LETTIN' THIS HAPPEN TO YOU.

NOW *THAT* IS A GOOD GUY. THE GOODEST GUY THERE IS.

ALWAYS TRYIN' TO HELP PEOPLE. NEVER THINKIN' OF HIMSELF.

NOTHIN' LIKE ME.

OR ME, IF I'M BEING HONEST.

DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAVED HIS LIFE.

AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STOOD UP FOR HIM.

MAYBE WE AIN'T SUCH BAD GUYS AFTER ALL...

ZZZzz...

Everything went wrong, dear Journal.

It was the best date I've ever had.

NEXT: BIG CHANGES! DRAMATIC SURPRISES! THIS IS NOT A JOKE, SO BUCKLE UP, BUTTERCUP!

THE FINAL BATTLE FOR THE HEART OF APOKOLIPS!

KO #5

Written by
SCOTT SNYDER

Art and cover by
JAVI FERNÁNDEZ

A FIVE-ISSUE EVENT

FIND OUT WHO IS CROWNED KING OMEGA IN MARCH

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

ALL IN

TRINITY
DAUGHTER OF WONDER WOMAN

INTERVIEW WITH TOM KING

Writer Tom King and artist Daniel Sampere introduced Trinity in 2023 as the daughter of Wonder Woman and Steve Trevor. The character (familiarly known as Lizzie) instantly captivated fans and headlined her own six-issue series, the aptly titled *Trinity: Daughter of Wonder Woman*, from King and artist Belén Ortega—featuring Lizzie at three different ages in a time-trekking adventure intersecting with some of the most pivotal moments in DC history. With *Trinity: Daughter of Wonder Woman* available soon as a softcover collected edition, King reflects on what makes this story so special.

Tom, it's fair to say you're primarily known for writing a darker type of story at DC, and *Trinity* feels like you're having a different type of fun. What did this story mean to you and how does it stand out from your other DC work?

Trinity is hands-down one of my favorite writing experiences I've ever had. Sometimes I write things—*Mister Miracle*, *Supergirl: Woman of Tomorrow*—and there's a little magic in it, and when it's coming out I can see how it's connecting with the audience, see how it's connecting with me, see how it's connecting with my children. *Trinity* has that.

I love my sad, depressing comics, don't get me wrong. But I also love a different kind of comic. I grew up on these wonderful things I'd read in the newspaper that made me smile and laugh and were silly—and were actually kind of deep. If you read *Peanuts*, if you read *Calvin and Hobbes*, it's funny and silly day-to-day, but the whole thing has an incredible message about imagination and depression and relating to other people and hope in the world. All that stuff is in there, but it's disguised behind a warm, welcoming humor. I wanted to make a book that did that.

It's fun seeing the tone of the story, and how you've juxtaposed it with past DC events—including going back to territory you're very familiar with in the Bat/Cat wedding.

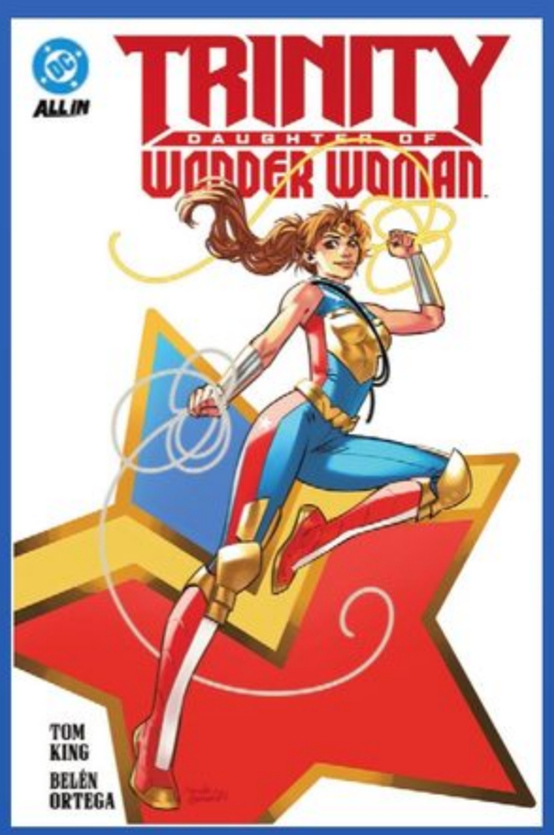
We live in very heavy times. You always want to give people a break from that. That's part of the power of comics.

But on the other side of it, of all the books I'm writing, this is the one that makes me cry. There are these very emotional moments about these three young women going through this experience.

They're trying to reconnect with their father. They're also looking to connect with each other through the unique experience of being alone in the world—being the daughter of Wonder Woman. How unique that is, how isolating that can be. There are these moments of utter revelation where they find each other, and it connects you to a deeper emotion. While you're laughing at silly dog jokes.

Speaking of dogs, the homage variant covers featuring corgis are incredible.

I went to Belén Ortega—who is brilliant—and asked, what do you want to draw? "I want a samurai story and a corgi story." I was like, "How am I going to do a story about samurai and corgis?" It became so much fun. It started with this utterly bizarre problem I did not know how I could solve and became the solution for the whole thing.



READ THE *TRINITY: DAUGHTER OF WONDER WOMAN* COLLECTED EDITION, AVAILABLE IN MARCH!

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